

FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC

©

DEC. NO. 14

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

10¢

THE

LAST OUTPOST



starring

RONALD REAGAN
RHONDA FLEMING

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Directed by
LEWIS R. FOSTER

Produced by WILLIAM H. PINE
and WILLIAM C. THOMAS



THRILL

**TO THE ROMANCE
AND HEROISM**

GASP

**AT THE TERROR
AND TREACHERY**

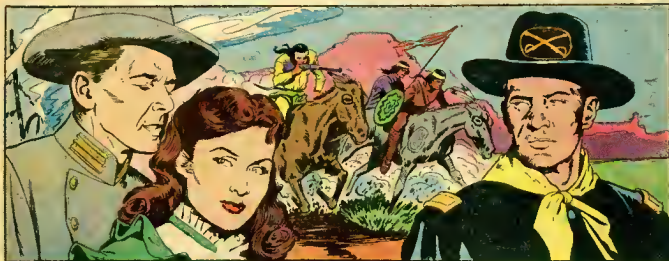
**IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES'
SPECTACULAR TECHNICOLOR
ADVENTURE**

THE LAST OUTPOST

STARRING

**RONALD REAGAN
RHONDA FLEMING**





Paramount presents

THE LAST OUTPOST

starring

RONALD REAGAN
RHONDA FLEMING

with

Bruce Bennett • Bill Williams
Noah Beery • Peter Hanson

Color by

TECHNICOLOR

Directed by Lewis R. Foster

Written for the Screen by

Geoffrey Homes • George Worthing Yates
and Winston Miller

Produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas

Cast

Vance (R. Lee)	RONALD REAGAN
John McVane	RHONDA FLEMING
Jack Brannan	BRUCE BENNETT
Sgt. Tucker	BILL WILLIAMS
Sgt. Callahan	NOAH BEERY
Dr. Cready	PETER HANSON
Dr. Fennell	HUGH BAUMONT
Mr. Delaney	ELTON CORBETT
Sam McCloud	JOHN RIDGLEY
Chief City Cloud	CHARLES EVANS
Gregory	JAMES BURNS
Caroline	WAR EAGLE
Dr. McReady	RICHARD CRANE
Major Gordon	EDWIN BUTCHER

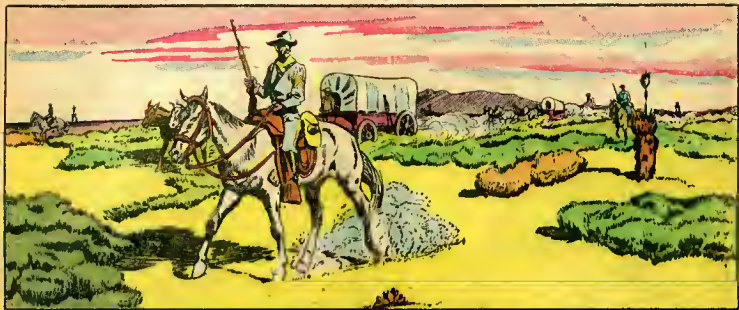
An ADAPTATION of a PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The Last Outpost

CAPTAIN VANCE BRITTEN HAD SWORN HIS RAIDERS WOULD CUT THE UNION LIFE LINE --- THE SANTA FE TRAIL; AND NOW DESTRUCTION SWEEP THE TERRITORY AS THE TEXAS HILLS ECHOED TO THE PASSIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.... BUT THE CAPTAIN HAD NOT RECKONED ON THE COURAGE OF A FIGHTING YANKEE COLONEL, NOR THE STRANGE DESTINY THAT WOULD BRING THEM TOGETHER IN THE ROARING CLIMAX OF A BATTLE TO SAVE CIVILIZATION'S LAST OUTPOST!



1862....THE CONFEDERATE ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST HAS BEEN DRIVEN BACK INTO TEXAS. THE SANTA FE TRAIL HAS BECOME THE BINDING LINK AND VITAL SUPPLY ROUTE FOR THE UNION ARMY.



IN A LAST VALIANT EFFORT, A SMALL GROUP OF REBEL RAIDERS HARASS THE UNION LIFE LINE.

THERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN BRITTEN. THE UNION SUPPLY COLUMN - AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE NOT EXPECTING COMPANY.

OUR MEN ARE DEPLOYED ALL AROUND THE WATER HOLE. WE'VE GOT THEM DEAD TO RIGHTS, LIEUTENANT. LET GO!



COMPLIMENTS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, GENTLEMEN. SORRY WE HAVEN'T TIME TO JOIN YOU. IT LOOKS VERY REFRESHING!

PLEASE DON'T DISTURB YOURSELVES. WE'LL GO THROUGH THE WAGONS OURSELVES.



A MOMENT LATER, A SERGEANT REPORTS.

NO SIGN OF GOLD, SIR. JUST SOME WHEAT, HIDES AND TALLOW - AND THIS BOX OF CIGARS!

TAKE WHAT SUPPLIES YOU NEED, TICKER, AND BURN EVERYTHING ELSE - INCLUDING THEIR CLOTHES.



DERELICTION OF DUTY GENTLEMEN. LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!

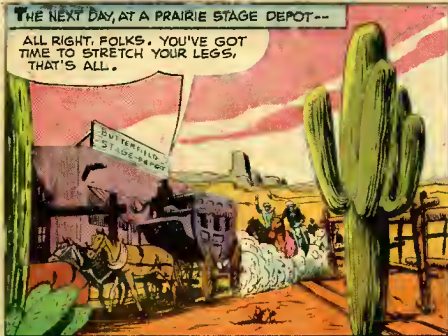


WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST, LIEUTENANT. WE'VE GOT A DATE TO KEEP WITH THE SAN GIL STAGE TOMORROW.



THE NEXT DAY, AT A PRAIRIE STAGE DEPOT--

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS. YOU'VE GOT TIME TO STRETCH YOUR LEGS, THAT'S ALL.



HEY, YOU! WHERE'S WILSON AND HIS HELPER?

THEY'RE TIED UP FOR THE MOMENT AND I'M TAKING THEIR PLACE. WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, BOYS?



I'LL HAVE A TROOP OF CONFEDERATE CAVALRY... AFTER TWO DAYS OF ESCORT DUTY I'M JUST IN THE MOOD TO TANGLE WITH THOSE REBS.

A MODEST REQUEST, SIR. MAYBE I CAN OBLIGE!



HUH! WHAT'S HE DOING?



SUDDENLY...

LIEUTENANT! THE REBS--THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED.



BEFORE I TAKE CHARGE OF THAT GOLD SHIPMENT, I THINK I'LL PICK UP A FEW OF THESE CIGARS FOR THE MEN.



AH, LIEUTENANT. SO YOU FOUND THAT TROOP OF REBEL CAVALRY, I SEE.

ALL RIGHT, MEN. GET THAT GOLD OUT OF THE EXPRESS BOX AND LET'S GET GOING.



WEEKS PASS AND VANCE BRITTEN'S RAIDS BECOME EVER BOLDER AND MORE DARING; THEN ONE NIGHT THE HARASSED UNION ARMY SETS A TRAP.

PUT THAT GUN UNDER THE BLANKET! THE COLONEL WANTS NO PISTOLS SHOWING.



SUDDENLY--- SOUNDS LIKE A SIGNAL. KEEP PLAYING, SOLDIER AND DON'T LOOK NERVOUS. THEY'LL BE WALKING INTO OUR TRAP ANY MINUTE.

Y--YES, SIR!



A MOMENT LATER-- I HATE TO SPOIL YOUR CONCERT, GENTLEMEN. BUT STAY WHERE YOU ARE-- AND DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUNS.



AND YOU GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTH, SUPPOSE YOU DO THE SAME.

YANKS! THEY WERE HIDING IN THE WAGONS.



IT'S THEM REBS ALL RIGHT, COLONEL. THAT'S THE BUNCH I SPIED ON ALL AFTERNOON.

WHERE'S THE REST OF YOUR TROOP, LIEUTENANT?



WELL, SIR, IF THEY CARRIED OUT ORDERS CORRECTLY THEY SHOULD BE BEHIND THOSE WAGONS LOOKING DOWN THEIR RIFLES AT YOU.



DON'T TRY ANYTHING, YANKS. YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED TWO TO ONE.

ALL RIGHT, MEN. I GUESS THEY'VE TURNED THE TABLES ON US.



AND AS THE RIVAL OFFICERS FACE EACH OTHER ...

VANCE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN VIRGINIA WITH STUART.

JEB. SO YOU CAME WEST ... I WAS WONDERING WHEN THEY'D SEND A REAL SOLDIER AFTER ME. TOO BAD I DIDN'T WORK.



SERGEANT WE CAN USE THEIR GUNS AND BOOTS. TAKE WHAT ELSE YOU NEED, BURN THE REST AND RUN OFF THE HORSES.

YES, SIR!



YOU'RE MY BROTHER, BUT I CAN'T SHOW ANY FAVORITISM. AND IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, JEB, WE WORE THE SAME SIZE BOOTS.

YOUR MEMORY IS STILL GOOD, VANCE.



HOW'S DAD? HOW'D HE TAKE IT WHEN I CHOSE THE GRAY?

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM YOURSELF AND FIND OUT?



AND WHAT YOU DID TO JULIE WAS EVEN WORSE. JILTING HER ... WALKING OUT ON HER WITHOUT A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

YES, I KNOW. IT DOES SOUND PRETTY BAD, DOESN'T IT? I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JULIE?



YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T KNOW SHE'S OUT HERE AT FORT POINT?

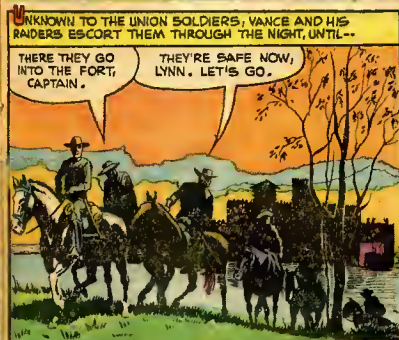
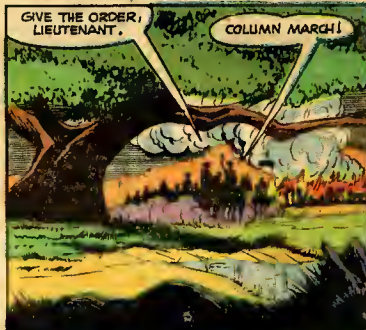
JULIE, OUT HERE !?



YES, SHE'S MARRIED NOW TO SAM MCCLUDD. HE RUNS A TRADING POST AT THE FORT AND HAS A BRANCH AT SAN GIL.

I'VE HEARD OF HIM. HIS SPECIALTY IS SMUGGLING GUNS AND WHISKEY TO THE APACHES.





WHISKEY AND RIFLES. I'D SAY THIS OUTFIT WAS TRADING WITH THE APACHES.

PLAY WITH MATCHES AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET BURNED. CHECK THE BODIES, LIEUTENANT, SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THEM.



ACCORDING TO THESE LETTERS THIS MUST BE SAM MCCLOUD, OWNER OF THE SAN GIL TRADING POST.

MCCLOUD? LET ME SEE THOSE LETTERS.



HM! IT SEEMS MCCLOUD HAS BEEN GIVING THE ARMY ADVICE ON HOW TO WIN THE WAR, AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY TOOK IT, TOO. HERE'S A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

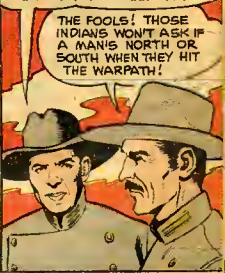


"...WE ARE SENDING MAJOR RIORDAN FROM WASHINGTON TO NEGOTIATE WITH THE APACHES FOR THEIR AID AGAINST THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. HE WILL CONTACT YOU ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF THIS MONTH..."



THE TWENTY-FIFTH! SAY, THAT'S TOMORROW!

"...AND YOU WILL ARRANGE FOR HIM TO MEET CHIEF GREY CLOUD TO PUT INTO EFFECT THE PACT YOU AGREED ON."



THE FOOLS! THOSE INDIANS WON'T ASK IF A MAN'S NORTH OR SOUTH WHEN THEY HIT THE WARPATH!

WELL, WHAT DO WE CARE? THE APACHES WILL DO OUR JOB FOR US, AND WE CAN HEAD SOUTH.

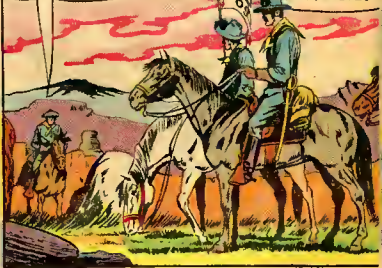
AND DESERT THE SETTLERS WHO BELIEVE IN OUR CAUSE—WHO'VE HELPED US? NO, LIEUTENANT. I HAVE OTHER PLANS!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE HILLS NEARBY ---

THIS IS THE PLACE, MAJOR RIORDAN!

FINE. WE'LL WAIT FOR MCCLOUD HERE. HE SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE.



SUDDENLY ---

I'M SORRY, MAJOR. MR. MC CLOUD HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED! I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR YOUR ORDERS, PLEASE.

REBELS! WE'RE TRAPPED!



HERE ARE MY PAPERS, FOR ALL THE GOOD THEY'LL DO YOU. THEY'LL JUST SEND SOMEONE TO TAKE MY PLACE.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, MAJOR. I'M TAKING YOUR PLACE MYSELF. AND NOW IF YOU'LL TAKE OFF YOUR UNIFORM...



I WARN YOU, CAPTAIN, PUT ON THIS UNIFORM AND YOU'LL BE SHOT AS A SPY.

IF I'M CAPTURED!

CALHOUN AND TUCKER, FIND TWO YANKS YOUR SIZE, AND HURRY!



LATER--

LYNN, TAKE THE TROOP TO SAND CREEK AND KEEP THE TRAIL CUT BOTH WAYS. KEEP THE MAJOR ENTERTAINED UNTIL I COME BACK.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, CAPTAIN.



THE NEXT DAY, VANCE BRITTEN AND HIS MEN RIDE INTO THE APACHE VILLAGE.

SO YOU ARE THE EMISSARY FROM WASHINGTON. WHERE ARE YOUR CREDENTIALS?

HERE, SIR.

EMISSARY? CREDENTIALS? WHERE'D THAT APACHE LEARN TO TALK ENGLISH LIKE THAT?



SO YOU'RE MAJOR RIORDAN. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHO I AM.

NO, SIR.



YOU SHOULD. PAGE WAS MY NAME, MAJOR-GENERAL HARRISON PAGE! IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, YOU WERE MY AIDE FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. YOU'VE GROWN YOUNGER, MAJOR.

MAYBE IT'S THE CLIMATE, SIR, OR THE ACTIVE LIFE I LEAD.

PERHAPS! OR MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU ARE WEARING ANOTHER MAN'S UNIFORM.

YES. THAT COULD ACCOUNT FOR THE DIFFERENCE COULDN'T IT?



WHICH ONE OF THEM IS GREY CLOUD?

THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS MANGAS COLORADOS. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS COCHISE, BUT...



I AM GREY CLOUD. IF YOU HAD STUDIED MILITARY HISTORY BEFORE IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER, YOU'D KNOW GENERAL PAGE BECAME AN APACHE WHEN THE ARMY DISAPPROVED OF HIS MARRIAGE TO AN INDIAN.



WHO ARE YOU? YOU MAY AS WELL TELL THE TRUTH. YOU'RE PROBABLY GOING TO BE SPREAD-EAGLED OVER AN ANT-HILL ANYWAY.

I'M CAPTAIN BRITTEN, OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. THE MAN RIORDAN WANTS YOU TO KILL FOR HIM.



I CAPTURED MAJOR RIORDAN AND CAME IN HIS PLACE BECAUSE I WANTED TO KEEP THE INDIANS OUT OF THE WAR.

THE GOVERNMENT PROMISED TO STOP TREATING THE APACHES LIKE OUTLAWS IF WE HELPED THEM. CAN YOUR SIDE OFFER BETTER?



WE DON'T WANT YOUR HELP, ONCE YOUR BRAVES GOT STARTED, YOU COULDN'T CONTROL THEM. NOT EVEN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WOULD BE SAFE, YOU KNOW THAT.



LOOK, THIS ISN'T YOUR WAR. LET THE WHITE MEN FIGHT IT OUT!

I ADMIRE YOUR WISDOM, CAPTAIN, BUT IT'S NOT UP TO ME ALONE. I'LL HAVE TO CONSULT THE COUNCIL.



THE COUNCIL MEETING CONTINUES FAR INTO THE NIGHT, BUT AT LAST--

THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED: WE WILL NOT FIGHT. WE WILL LIVE IN PEACE.

GOOD. YOU WON'T REGRET IT!



AT THAT MOMENT-- A MESSENGER COMES.

HE HASTENS. IT IS SURELY IMPORTANT NEWS.



AS THE HORSEMAN DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE TO THE COUNCIL, VANCE AND HIS MEN ARE DRAGGED TO THEIR FEET,

VERY WELL. YOU MAY GO, BUT NOW THERE IS A PRICE FOR OUR NEUTRALITY.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



ONE OF OUR YOUNG CHIEFS, GERONIMO, HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF MASSACRING A WAGON TRAIN. HE AND HIS MEN ARE BEING HELD IN SAN GIL.

THEY'RE GUILTY. WE SAW THE DEAD MEN.



IF THAT IS TRUE, WE'LL PUNISH THEM IN OUR OWN WAY, BUT THE WHITE MAN MUST SET HIM FREE.

THAT'S A LARGE ORDER. SAN GIL'S A YANK TOWN, AND EVEN THIS UNIFORM MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO DO THE TRICK.



YOU HAVE JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO FIND OUT IF IT WILL. AFTER THAT, I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS.

I SEE. WE'D BETTER GET GOING THEN.



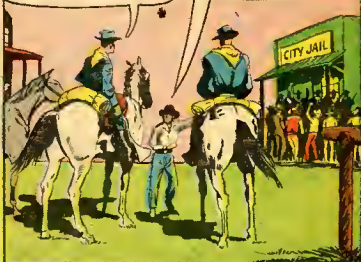
COME ON, BOYS! TWENTY-FOUR HOURS DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH TIME. WE'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL ALL NIGHT IF WE WANT TO MAKE IT.



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE DISGUISED MEN ENTER SAN GIL.

HEY, SONNY! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

THEY'RE GOING TO HANG SOME INJUNS.



LET'S GO, MEN. IF THEY HANG THOSE APACHES WE'RE LICKED.



MEANWHILE, JUST DOWN THE STREET---

I THOUGHT YOU SOLDIERS WERE HERE TO PROTECT US, NOT THE INJUNS. ARE YOU GONNA STRING 'EM UP, LIEUTENANT, OR DO WE DO IT?

NOBODY'S GOING TO BE STRUNG UP TILL THEY'VE HAD A HEARING.



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LIEUTENANT?

WE'VE GOT SOME INDIAN PRISONERS INSIDE. THIS MAN, EVANS, AND HIS FRIENDS WANT TO HANG THE PRISONERS WITHOUT A TRIAL.



THERE'LL BE NO MOB ACTION HERE. GO ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, ALL OF YOU.

THIS IS OUR BUSINESS. THOSE INJUNS KILLED FIVE WHITE PEOPLE. BETTER STEP ASIDE, MAJOR, OR YOU'LL GET HURT.



SERGEANT, IF ANYONE IN THE CROWD MAKES A MOVE, SHOOT THIS MAN FIRST.

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SIR. HE'S THE RING-LEADER.

SHOOT ME?



NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS. NO SENSE FLYING OFF THE HANDLE

I'M MAJOR RIORDAN, DETAILED HERE ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT. SUPPOSE WE GO INSIDE, LIEUTENANT.



NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT INDIAN PRISONERS?

WE CAUGHT THEM NEAR THE SCENE OF A MASSACRE. THEY WIPED OUT A WAGON TRAIN OWNED BY SAM MCCLOUD. HE RAN THE TRADING POST HERE.



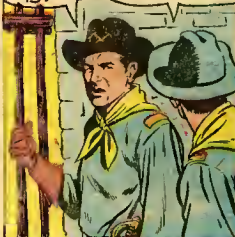
MCCLOUD! THAT'S THE MAN I WAS TO MEET HERE. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE ME TO THE APACHE CHIEF TO ARRANGE A TREATY.

THAT'S TOO BAD, MAJOR. MCCLOUD DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT WHEN HE LEFT. HE'S DEAD NOW.



LET ME TALK TO THE PRISONERS. ER— THEY MAY BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHERE GREY CLOUD IS.

I'LL GET THE TOWN MARSHAL. HE HAS THE KEYS. THE PRISONERS ARE IN HIS CHARGE.



THE MARSHAL OPENS THE CELL DOOR AND VANCE TALKS WITH GERONIMO HIMSELF.

WHY DID YOU KILL THE TRADER, MCCLOUD?

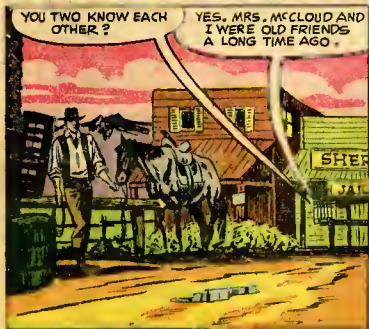
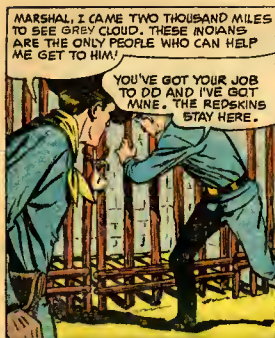
HE SELL MY MEN POISON WHISKEY! MANY DIE. HE SELL THEM BAD GUNS THAT EXPLODE AND KILL MANY MORE. MCCLOUD DESERVE TO DIE!

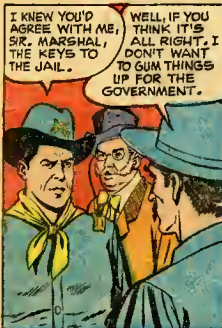


GERONIMO, I CAME OUT HERE TO HELP YOUR PEOPLE. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND GREY CLOUD. WILL YOU GUIDE ME TO HIM?

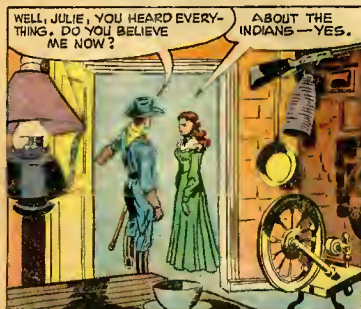
JUST A MINUTE, MAJOR. IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA TURN THESE KILLERS LOOSE, YOU'RE CRAZY.







AS DELACOURT IS USHERED INTO HIS ROOM, VANCE SPEAKS CONFIDENTIALLY TO JULIE!



IN DELACOURT'S ROOM, THE WASHINGTON EMISSARY DISCUSSES HIS PLANS!

YES, MAJOR. THOSE APACHES ARE ONLY HAPPY WHEN FIGHTING. SUPPOSE WE LET THEM USE IT UP ON THE ENEMY? PAY 'EM A BOUNTY ON EVERY REB SCALP THEY BRING IN.

THAT'S A DANGEROUS BUSINESS, SIR. TAKE MY SCALP--IF AN APACHE HANDED IT TO YOU, COULD YOU TELL IF IT WAS BLUE OR GREY?



YOU DON'T SOUND VERY ENTHUSIASTIC, MAJOR. YOU'RE NOT BY ANY CHANCE OPPOSED TO GOVERNMENT POLICY?

I MERELY WANT TO POINT OUT THE DIFFICULTIES, SIR. I MUST BE GOING NOW. IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED...

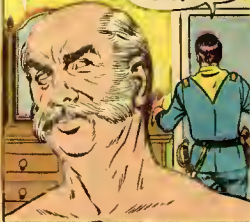


I NEED THOSE JAIL KEYS, MAJOR. PUT THEM ON THAT BUREAU, IF YOU PLEASE. ER--CERTAINLY!



AS YOU SO APTLY PUT IT, MY SUCCESS IN THIS MISSION DEPENDS ON THOSE PRISONERS. AS LONG AS I HAVE THEM LOCKED UP, I THINK GREY CLOUD WILL COME TO TERMS.

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, SIR.



OH, LIEUTENANT, ABOUT THE RECEPTION FOR MR. DELACOURT, I'M LEAVING THE DETAILS TO YOU. JUST SEE THAT EVERYBODY IN TOWN IS THERE BY TEN O'CLOCK.

YES, SIR.



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, VANCE TALKS WITH ONE OF HIS MEN ON GUARD AT THE JAIL.

TONIGHT AT TEN, TUCKER, RELEASE THE PRISONERS AND HEAD 'EM IN-TO THE HILLS. I'LL GET YOU THE KEYS FOR THE CELL LATER.

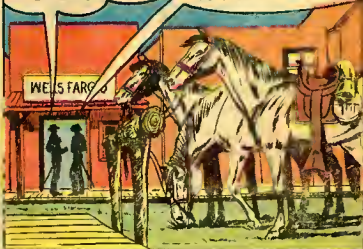
YES, SIR!



AND AT THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE, WHERE ANOTHER RAIDER STANDS GUARD...

CALHOUN, HANG THAT GOLD IN THE SADDLEBAGS BY TEN O'CLOCK SHARP!

IT'S IN THE SADDLEBAGS ALREADY, SIR. I WASN'T SURE WHEN YOU WANTED TO LEAVE.



THAT NIGHT, AT THE RECEPTION--

AND SO I SAID TO THE PRESIDENT-- "MR. PRESIDENT, I'M NO STATESMAN! I'M JUST AN ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL MAN..."

I'D BETTER GET STARTED! IT'S ALMOST TIME!

AND THEN THE PRESIDENT, --MAJOR! WATCH, WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

OH! I'M SORRY!



I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW IT HAPPENED, SIR. IF YOU'LL JUST STEP IN HERE AND TAKE OFF YOUR TROUSERS, I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER PAIR RIGHT AWAY!

DON'T GO AWAY, FOLKS! I WANT YOU TO HEAR WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID!



IN A NEARBY ALLEY---

SOME COINS, A WATCH, AND A WALLET. BUT NO KEYS. I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH HIS ROOM.



MEANWHILE...

I CAN'T KEEP MY PUBLIC WAITING ALL NIGHT. THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION. WHEN IN ROME --ER-DO AS THE INDIANS DO.

I--I'LL CALL THE MEETING TO ORDER, SIR!



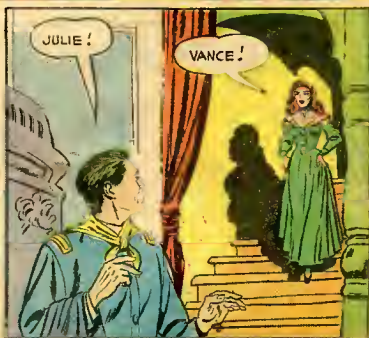
AND IN DELACOURT'S ROOM AT THE TRADING POST...

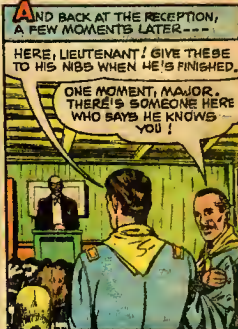
AH, HERE THEY ARE AT LAST. NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE RECEPTION!



JULIE!

VANCE!





ER-IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, COLONEL. I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO ATTEND TO.

I'LL GO WITH YOU, MAJOR!



JEB, I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW. I WANTED TO SEE JULIE. I COULDN'T HAVE COME IN MY UNIFORM, SO I BORROWED THIS.

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU'D RISK A FIRING SQUAD JUST TO SEE A GIRL? BROTHER OR NO BROTHER, VANCE, EITHER YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH OR...



ALL RIGHT, I'M DOING THIS TO KEEP THE APACHES OFF MY NECK. MCCLOUD SET UP A DEAL WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT TO TURN THEM LOOSE ON US.

I KNOW. I WAS AGAINST HIM FROM THE START. BUT JUST WHERE DO YOU FIT IN?



RIORDAN HAD A DATE WITH THE INDIANS. I CAPTURED HIM AND WENT IN HIS PLACE. I MANAGED TO CONVINCE THE APACHES TO STAY NEUTRAL. YOU CAN ASK JULIE.

I WILL. COME ON - AND IF YOU'RE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH...



MEANWHILE, AT THE RECEPTION, THE PUZZLED STAGE DRIVER SUDDENLY SOLVES A RIDDLE.

I GOT IT! HE'S THE ONE WHO HELD UP MY COACH AT THE BUTTERFIELD DEPOT! HE'S A REB SPY.



AND AT JULIE'S HOME...

IT'S TRUE. HE ARRIVED IN TOWN TODAY. I MET HIM AT THE JAIL!

I WAS TRYING TO SAVE SOME APACHE PRISONERS FROM A LYNCHING. THAT WOULD REALLY HAVE STARTED THINGS.

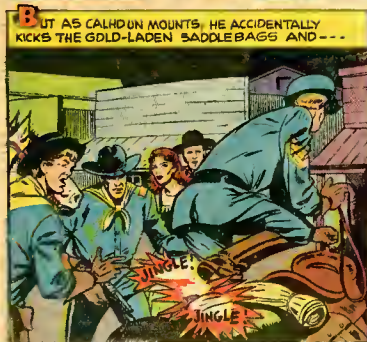
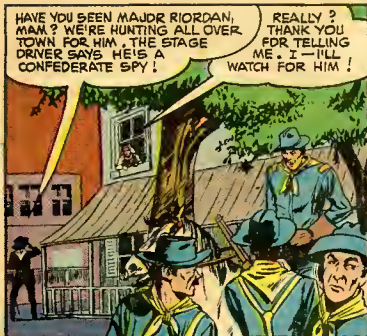


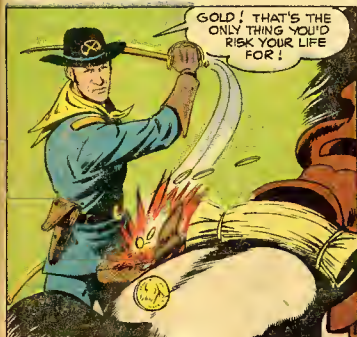
JUST THEN --

MRS. MCCLOUD!

YES, WHAT IS IT?







THAT NIGHT VANCE IS BACK WITH HIS MEN AT SAND CREEK CROSSING AND ...

IF YOUR BROTHER DOESN'T FREE THOSE INDIANS, THE APACHES WILL BREAK LOOSE. AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS.

YOU'RE RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. MY FIRST CONSIDERATION IS THE SAFETY OF MY MEN. SO WE'LL HEAD SOUTH AT DAYBREAK.



SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE LOOKS LIKE THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN END!

HIS GIRL'S IN SAN GIL. AND IF THOSE APACHES HIT THE WARPATH....



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, IN SAN GIL, COLONEL JEB BRITTEN FACES THE MUSIC!

SO THAT CONFEDERATE SPY WAS YOUR BROTHER! YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO CONSIDER THAT AN EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE FOR WHAT YOU DID, DO YOU?

I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE WHAT YOU CONSIDER IT.



THIS IS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENCE. I'LL INFORM WASHINGTON OF THIS WHEN I GET BACK.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN A FULL REPORT OF MY ACTIONS.



SUDDENLY - -

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THERE'S A SMOKE SIGNAL IN THE HILLS.

NEVER MIND ABOUT SMOKE SIGNALS. THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT, COLONEL!

WHAT?



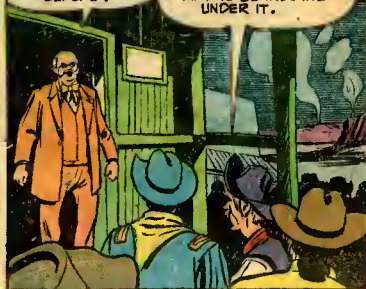
THERE IT IS. AND THERE'S ANOTHER ONE TO THE SOUTH.

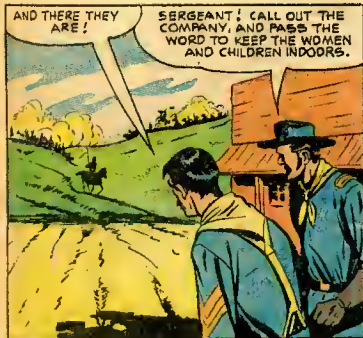
I WONDER WHAT IT MEANS?



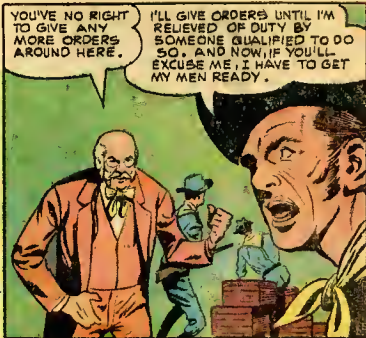
HAVEN'T YOU PEOPLE EVER SEEN SMOKE BEFORE?

IN THIS COUNTRY, WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S APT TO BE INDIANS UNDER IT.

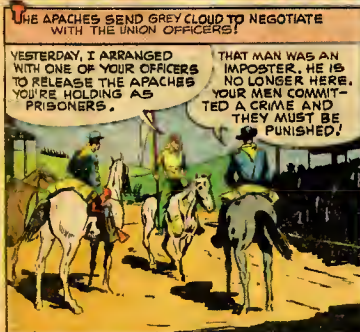




SERGEANT! CALL OUT THE COMPANY, AND PASS THE WORD TO KEEP THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN INDOORS.



I'LL GIVE ORDERS UNTIL I'M RELIEVED OF DUTY BY SOMEONE QUALIFIED TO DO SO. AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GET MY MEN READY.



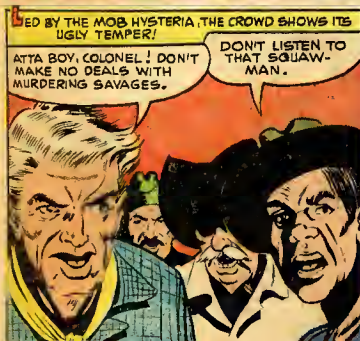
YESTERDAY, I ARRANGED WITH ONE OF YOUR OFFICERS TO RELEASE THE APACHES YOU'RE HOLDING AS PRISONERS.

THAT MAN WAS AN IMPOSTER. HE IS NO LONGER HERE. YOUR MEN COMMITTED A CRIME AND THEY MUST BE PUNISHED!



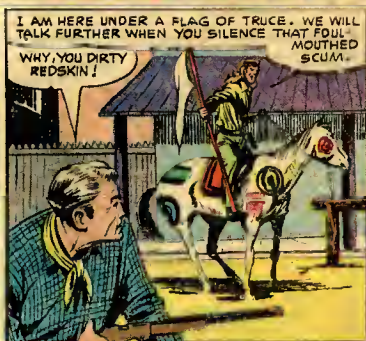
IF THEY ARE GUILTY, WE WILL PUNISH THEM OURSELVES. YOU MUST TAKE MY WORD FOR THAT; OTHERWISE...

I CANNOT YIELD TO THREATS. TELL YOUR PEOPLE I WILL DISCUSS THIS MATTER WHEN THE HILLS ARE EMPTY AND YOUR CHIEFS COME IN PEACE.



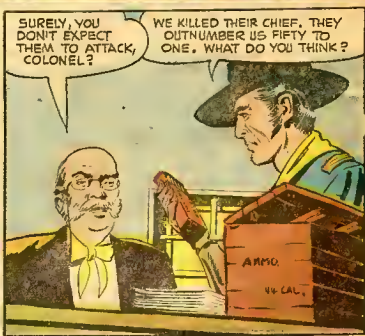
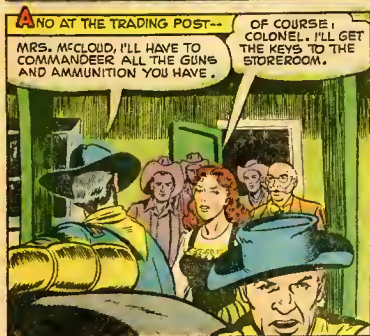
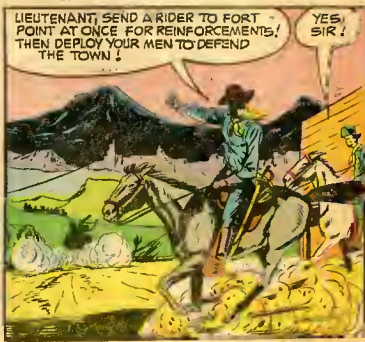
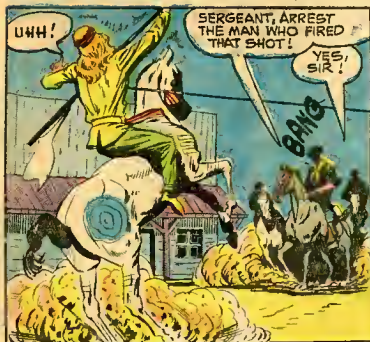
ATTA BOY, COLONEL! DON'T MAKE NO DEALS WITH MURDERING SAVAGES.

DON'T LISTEN TO THAT SQUAW-MAN.

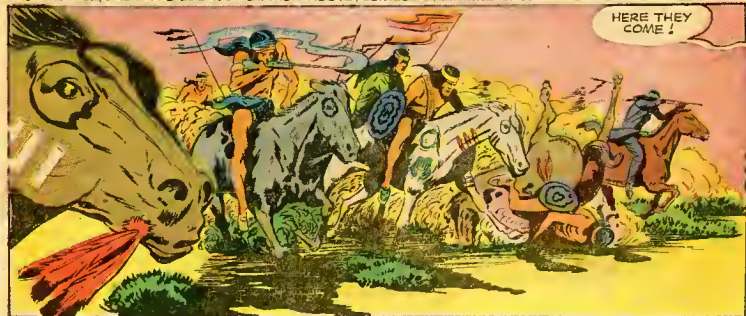


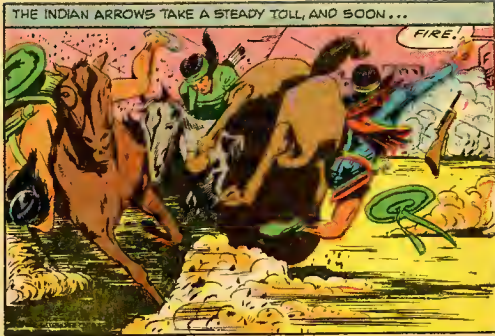
I AM HERE UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE. WE WILL TALK FURTHER WHEN YOUR SILENCE THAT FOUL-MOUTHED SCUM.

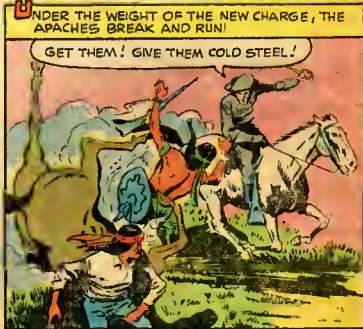
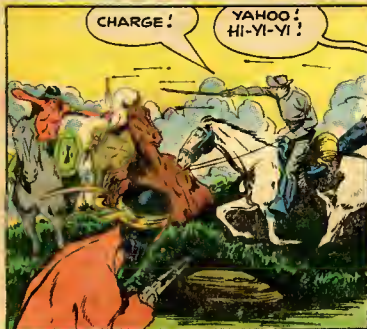
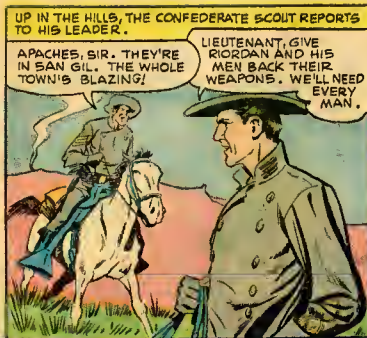
WHY, YOU DIRTY REDSKIN!



AND SHORTLY, FROM THE LOOKOUT STATION ABOVE, COMES A WARNING CRY.

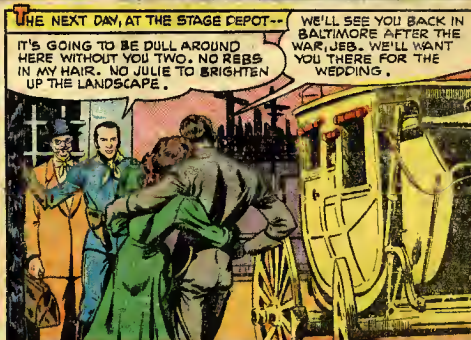
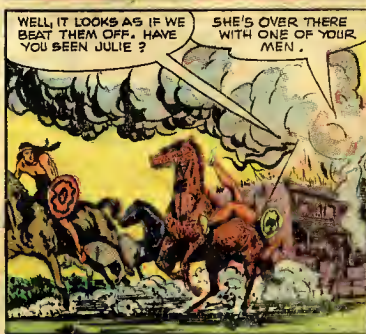


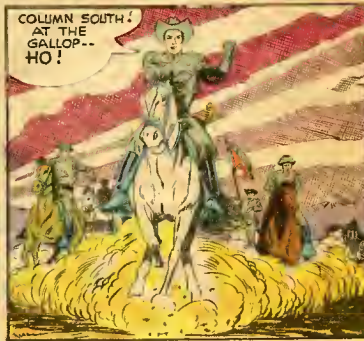
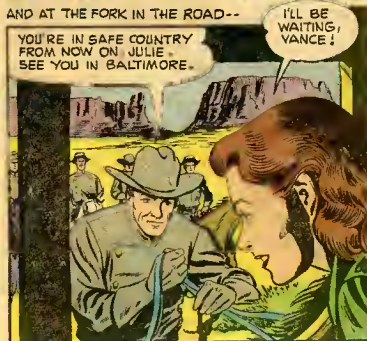
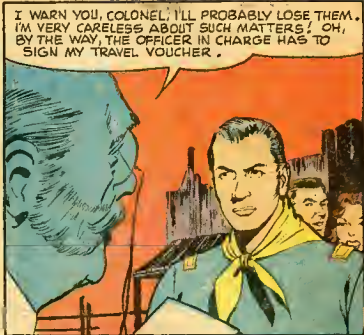




IT'S AT THAT VERY MOMENT THAT THE REBEL CAVALRY CUTS ITS WAY THROUGH.









**VIOLENT ACTION AND SURGING SUSPENSE
RIDE THE DANGER TRAIL TO...**

THE LAST OUTPOST

**A PARAMOUNT PICTURE STARRING
RONALD REAGAN & RHONDA FLEMING**





FOR BLAZING WESTERN ACTION

DON'T MISS

PARAMOUNT PICTURES'

THE LAST OUTPOST

STARRING

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